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PICTURE OF THE FRANKFORT GHETTO.

FANCY a dark, gloomy row of decayed, old hovels, black with dirt and age, and emitting through the broken windows and gaping cellars an impure, pestilential atmosphere; old clothes-dealers, and rag-picking women, and gipsyish, Jewish urchins crying, vociferating, running about—here and there a drunken soldier, again some poor lost one, who, by a terrible affinity between lucre and vice, loves to nestle in the holes of the Ghetto—or one of the lower class of money-changers, with his money bag upon his shoulders, hurrying home, with furtive glances and stooping gait, to his miserable lodgings, where Leah keeps house for him, makes his coffee in the morning, and stews his apples and roasts chestnuts for him in the evening,—or enter into one of the grocery-stores, crowded with butter, and cheese, and kitchen-wenchies, and fragrant spices—coveted ingredients for the Sabbath-schaleet (pudding)—with a gawky, clumsy, Hebrew youth ogling the dark-eyed girls, while he whets his clumsy knife to cut off a slice of sausage, or fixes the scales to weigh out an ounce of peppermint; while in the back-room sits the matron, her face swelling up to a huge grinning dimple, as through the loop-hole she watches her offspring, her pious, motherly heart singing allelujahs of thanks for the tact with which her darling Mausehe (Moses) attends to the business. So is God a Herr! (so is God gracious to us) she says to her husband, with eyes in which the sin of covetousness mingles most vehemently with genuine tears. But her husband does not heed her: with spectacles upon the lower part of his nose, and with the Talmud before him, he seems absorbed in reading, while a Jerusalem beggar, apparelled in the dark, loose robe of Polish Jews, and a long, flowing beard of brickish red, who sits near a glowing stove, evidently doing nothing but thinking, thinking, or watching the innumerable kettles, that hiss, seethe, and rattle near the fire, sending forth odors and noises of almost indescribable descriptions, suddenly jerking up at the sound of the old she-grocer's voice, and putting his finger silly upon his mouth, as if to intimate that the husband must not be disturbed, takes it upon himself to answer in the husband's stead, saying, or rather re-echoing: "So is God a Herr!" and then staring again at the kettles and the fire, and looking, on the whole, as if some hurricane from the mountains of the Dead Sea had wrecked him on that spot thousands and thousands of years ago, and as if he had not recovered yet from the effects of the storm.

But hurry out of the store as quick as you can. The atmosphere out-doors is sweet ambrosia to the polluted air within. Mark the old cloths' furrowed countenances as they pass. Mark them, stranger! They deserve your attention full as well, if not much more, than the stony monuments of the beauteous Greek and lofty Roman. Those monuments before you are living, moving. Why are they not dead and stony, too? Art might have cast a

chaste veil over the scars of their nature. But they live and move, nay, they job, and barter, and peculate, and speculate. You see the scars only. Gaping, bloody scars. Eighteen hundred years of hatred, and oppression, and prejudice, and contempt smothering all the noble elements of a mighty race, and leaving nothing but these ugly scars! Yet, through the dismal swamp of this Ghetto, reeking with degradation, there is still a something lurking in the proud, sullen brow, in the deep, searching eye, that bids defiance. Ha! mark this old, flea-gnawed beggar, as he concocts a smile, a grin, and stretches out his copper-beaten hand to ask for alms; mark the hideous twinkle of his eye, as if his eye could smite, while his face retains a smile.

Again, this old Hecate-Jewess, bandying, with coarse glee, ribald jests with profligate women, next to her door, and then turning round to the Garn Lotte (a woman of the name of Charlotte, who sells yarn) a look, radiant almost with intellect, illuminating the weird wrinkles of her witch-like face, as with fiendish delight she assures her friend, that they are all Gojim, that is to say, that all are Christian girls; *not one Jewess amongst them.*

If this lowest rabble of the Ghetto-mob could speak in the language of scholars or poets, with what howls of wrath, and scorn, and shrieks of hatred and revenge would they roar out, and utter their vendetta-vows, and fill the world with their long, bottled-up imprecations.

But not all are uneducated and lost to spheres intellectual. Aspiring Maimonideses, and Spinozas in embryo, haunt the street. This youth right before you, with pale, Talmud-ridden face, and poor, shabby garment, is fresh from the studio of Rewwe (Rabbi) Jeikeff (Jacob) Posen, and now winds his way to the synagogue. Let us follow him. The place is still empty. Service has not begun yet. But Rewwe Jeikeff is there, a choleric, irascible, little old man, crying out, with loud and angry voice: "Amsterdam!" "Amsterdam!" Amsterdam soon makes his appearance; a lymphatic, woe-begone youth, looking as miserable as the apothecary in "Romeo," at the same time as unearthly as Caliban. When he came first to the synagogue, and the Rabbi asked him what his name was, the imperious, garrulous manner of the Rabbi took the little blood he ever had out of his face, and strangled his answer. This exasperated still more the high-tempered Rabbi, and on finding out that the unfortunate young man had come from Holland, the rash Rabbi came forthwith to the conclusion to settle the question by calling him "Amsterdam." And since that time he performs his duties of sexton to the synagogue and meschozes (servant) to the Rewwenson (to the Mrs. Rabbi, or Rabbiness) and Amanuensis, Zwicker,* and occasional cook to the Rabbi, under that geographical denomination. Soon some more theological students enter the synagogue, and gradually the congregation make their

* Zwicker is the name of the barber of the orthodox Jews, who uses, instead of a razor, scissors or brimstone.

appearance, some of the more wealthy members of the synagogue, who always bid highest when the roll is called, exchanging a friendly salutation with Dr. Posen, as they pass. Another influential Rabbi, Dr. Silverkron, a diminutive old man, with rather droll, but, on the whole, benevolent cast of countenance, takes his seat near the chief leader of the synagogue, Rabbi Posen. But the two men of God are not on the best of terms with each other. Posen, noticing that Silverkron is more popular with Mr. Cohen, and Mr. Wallach, and Mr. Hertz—the wealthy men—the pillars of the synagogue—bears a terrible grudge to his colleague, spits and coughs with ill-suppressed gall as the little Rabbi passes, and uses all possible ways to tease, and provoke, and slight him.

The chief singer of the church, Welfje (endearing diminution of Wolf) Schlesinger, a consumptive-looking man, with twenty-one children, whose bitter cries for bread give to his voice a singular force and pathos—opens the services, which are conducted in Hebrew, and the congregation join occasionally, some crying, some sobbing, some weeping, some vociferating, others murmuring and whispering, others gesticulating and bowing incessantly; flinging their hands upward and downward, but most of the countenances bearing unmistakable expression of intense religious rapture, at least, of total absorption in the prayers, lamentations, or thanksgivings which they address to Jehovah, either begging Him to grant them and their families health and wealth, or troubling the Deity with lamentations about the difficulties besetting their prosperity, or to express gratitude for the success which has crowned their business.

When the Friday evening sets in the stores are closed, and the Ghetto looks quieter. But drunken soldiers and hunger-driven prostitutes continue to haunt the street. Great numbers of another specimen of women also make suddenly their appearance. The "Schabbesgogim" (the Sabbath-Christian), namely, the persons who snuff the candles, make the fire, during the Sabbath; the orthodox Jews considering any of these labors as prohibited by the ceremonial portion of the Mosaic dispensation. These persons are taken from the low Christian rabble of the Ghetto. Many of this rabble are standing on the Sabbath day, admiringly, around an athletical Jew gravedigger, of the name of Abraham, who delights the crowd by his racy tales of the diggings of the day.

Prominent among the followers of this bully of the Frankfort Ghetto, is a desperate character, the type of the lowest Christian democracy of the Ghetto, Shepp (Crooked Adolph by name), a nickname, alluding to his crooked legs, a fellow who constantly haunts the streets with a smoke-burnt Dutch clay-pipe in his mouth, maliciously puffing the smoke in the face of the Jews as they leave the Synagogue, and sometimes, when it gets late in the evening, choking them with fear, by uttering the old dreadful cry of "Hep, Hep!" (the Latin abbreviation of "Jerusalem is lost," the war-cry used by the Persecutor of the Jews.)

But horrid, and dismal, and sinister as the street looks, even compared to the Ghettos of Rome, or Amsterdam, or London, some of the houses present inside an appearance of luxury and comfort, strangely contrasting with the outward look of desolation, especially on Friday evening.

The favorite dish, a brown carp swimming in a sweet sauce, has been prepared with the usual care. The gastronomical gusto with which the occupants of the table smack their lips over the sauce, dipping small crusts of bread in several times, until the plate is cleaned of every vestige of the condiment, seems marked enough to tempt the appetite of a moribond. Dinah, the servant, whenever she has to carry off the plate still rich with luxuriant morsels of dainty ruins of the carp, knows that there is some one sick in the family, and runs off to fetch Mayerje, the family-doctor, an old man with a bald head, odorous like a druggist-store, carrying constantly about his person the most mysterious prescriptions, and the most popular physician in the Ghetto.

The Schabbes gojim (the Christian Sabbath attendants) stand around the table, snuffing the candle, but looking, all the while, with a regular Reschouim (Jew-hating) look at the happy and epicurean faces of their Jew-master and the beautiful Rebecca, his daughter, and the rest of the Mosaic family.

Before leaving the Ghetto, linger a moment before two particular houses. One the house where the Rothschilds were born, where the old Lætitia still sits on week-day evenings, admitting to her lotto, some of her favorite old friends, as joyous on hitting an Amb, as her sons are on hitting a loan, and where, in former days, when her sons were still all alive, the veteran bankers were wont to gather round their grey-haired mother; and the Friday evening's lamps flickered cheerfully, to proclaim to all who happened to pass by, that old Mother Rothschild was still alive.

Another house, worthy of notice, and which has been decorated and repainted since the French Revolution of 1848, is the house where Börne, the Humanitarian writer, the pungent critic, the caustic satyr, the champion of German liberty, was born; the great antagonist of Heine, but morally as superior to him as Rousseau is to Voltaire, or Dickens to Thackeray.

Börne, in his life-time, was despised by the Jews, for having turned Christian, and despised by Christians for having been Jew; reviled, spit upon by his money-friends and connections for intermeddling with State and Church affairs; and even after his death, his family refused to contribute to a monument which his friends contemplated, to shelter his grave from oblivion in its obscure corner in Père la Chaise.

The Rothschilds, with their power of lucre and wealth, and Börne, with his power of Love and Humanity, hover around the Frankfort Ghetto; and the stranger, after mourning over the curse which makes the Jew banker the accomplice of tyrants, and the enemy of humanity,

rejoices to find in men like Börne, something of that genius which seems still to be vested in this Hebrew race.

Even the dark sides of the Ghettos lose somewhat of their terrors, if the genius is remembered, which still makes the Jews, under certain favorable circumstances, so vastly superior to most other races.

Landscape-Gardening.

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“GROUNDS OF THE MANSION.”

“How fair a prospect rises to the eye
Where Beauty vies in all her vernal forms,
For ever pleasant, and for ever new!
Swells the exulting thought, expands the soul,
Drowning each ruder care.”

BAYNE.

WHERE agreeable vistas are obtainable, the DRIVE is capable of being made a charming feature. It should lead through the more pleasing portions of the ground, at one time threading the secluded valley, and now overtopping the gentle eminence, commanding at once whatever beautiful range of scenery may be visible, as well as affording opportunities for the inspection of the agricultural department, as it thus leads you skirting, near and afar, round the quiet lake, or as it crosses the meandering rivulet; all the pleasures of congenial imagery are kept alive and sustained by the variety of prospect ever and anon presented. The drive being away from the public road, has charms which the convalescent keenly enjoys; it is, in fact, a means by which all the beauties of a place are seen in an easy and agreeable manner, and with less expenditure of time and exertion than would be the case were walks alone the sole means of such enjoyment. The principles which govern it are precisely those which control the approach or walks, only bearing in mind that the approach is a road simply to the dwelling, and to which the more prominent beauties are excluded, whilst the drive embraces them all.

We do not perceive the beauty of straight, circular, or snake-like lines in the conducting of the approach or other roadway. In the first, painful simplicity and grand insipidity are clearly manifest, and as this class of roads are generally improved with trees planted opposite each other, they have a very monotonous appearance; we may have presented to us, perhaps, one grand effect, but our eye embraces the whole, and immediately we have done with it; it is the same fifty rods hence, its repetition or continuity is wearisome, and we gladly turn from it upon the gently undulating road gracefully winding away before us, exhibiting at every portion some new feature, some changed aspect on which one's thought dwells with delight. The circular form of roadway is hardly an advance on the preceding; one sensibly feels that he is moving on orbicularly; his anticipations destroy the pleasures of unthought-of attractions; it is a sort of race course in miniature; at

every point the roadway presents precisely the same amount of scene; confinement and restraint are self-evident, where, above all, unlimited freedom should be apparent. But an arrangement of snake-like or serpentine walks traversing the ground hither and thither in every wantonness, is the acme of absurdity. To see a road displaying at each indentation or perspective nothing but the turf, that feature standing in the way as a reason for such deviation, is certainly antagonistic to all principles of ornamental gardening and common sense. Where nothing interposes, common sense bids us take the shortest and most direct line to where we would go; thus, if no tree or other object intervenes, the straight line would be naturally adopted; for we cannot very conveniently go through trees, and we generally find it an easier task to wind around a hill than to go straight over it, or around a pond than through it. Now, where these obstacles are not placed by Nature we should supply the deficiency by rearing a rural bower, a vase, a dial, or foliage, as these all justify a deviation from the straight line. From curved lines being intrinsically more beautiful than those which are straight, we too often see them incautiously used in laying out of estates both great and small; let the common-sense principle, therefore, of not turning the direction of a road without some tangible reason, be uppermost in the improver's mind, and if he conducts the surface in a perfectly easy and convenient undulatory manner, he will, we think, be not far from gaining an easy and graceful road.

In conducting WALKS we should studiously lead them through portions varied in character; now slowly through the meditative shades of the forest, and now around some woodland monarch's trunk; here, on the rude bridge passing over the rippling stream up and down the shaded banks of which the eye may wander “at its own sweet will.”

Emerging into broad sunlight, we would select those portions which afford the more extensive views, for our line of walks. It must not be forgotten, however, that in dressed scenery the walks should exhibit trimness and a polished character; in scenes wild or picturesque they should correspond.

The ARCHITECTURAL FLOWER GARDEN OR PARTERRE is generally arranged by itself and is capable of great enrichment and delight. No better position, we think, could be found than upon the raised terrace (this should not emulate the “parade ground” in extent), with its surface faultlessly smooth, and which in the best manner may be of tessellated marble, the whole commanded by the windows of the principal rooms of the mansion. The beds in this case, should, perhaps, be arranged in geometric manner, as they can be viewed with better effect when they form a certain definite whole, and each must contribute to the enhancement of that whole. Statues, vases, or other sculptural works of Art may be introduced to heighten, by affording contrast, the effect of the gay flowers, but to stud the place full of them is only an exhi